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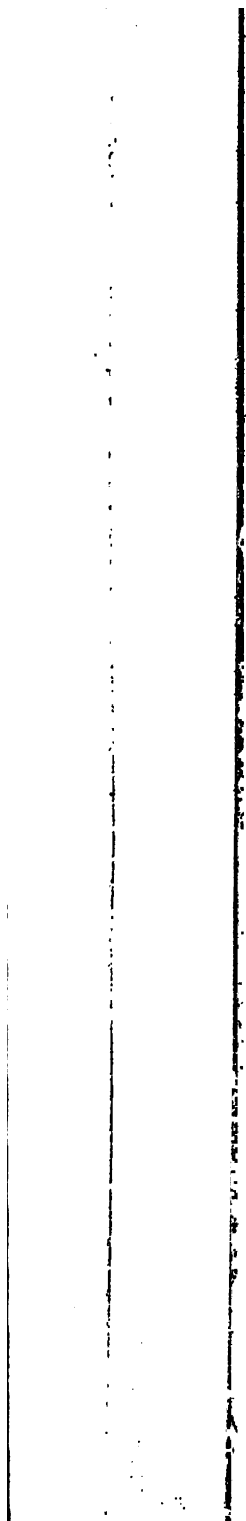
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About "The Hights"

AT

Oakland, California

WITH

Juanita Miller

AND



Quinta & Sons  
"The High"

January

1920.

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## FOREWORD

For the information of those interested in touring "The Hights" and the contents of this little booklet, only a brief foreword seems necessary. The monuments (already famed as landmarks of the estate overlooking the "Golden Gate," the five cities and seven counties of the great Pacific Coast) were among the many labors of love which my father performed during his busy and eventful life. The estate as it now stands, embracing about seventy acres, has been recently purchased by the City of Oakland for a "Joaquin Miller Memorial Park," and it is the intention of the Park Board to improve and beautify the same so that it will become in fact a fitting monument to his memory. Each monument or landmark is given a separate page in the booklet with space for notes. Perhaps a personal word from me might here be appreciated by those who loved, admired and remembered my father not alone for his genius. Maybe you visited him and, if so, was it morning and did you look in at his wide open door and see him writing in bed under his woolly horse blanket, manilla pad and quill in hand, or was he creating—mentally thinking it all out? Did your shadow in the doorway bring from him, as his luminous blue-grey eyes rested upon you, "Come in, I am tired and need a change of thought" or "Go out among the roses until I finish this page or so"; and, later, when he called you in or found you, were you rewarded with such lines as "Above the sky of boundless blue, below the green, green sod, and ever and ever between the two the wonderful winds of God"?

Maybe he took your hand in his pink palm, led you to a seat under the olive trees, saying, "Come listen, O Love, to the voice of the Dove, come harken and hear him say, Many tomorrows, my love, my love, only one today; now what is thy secret serene grey Dove, of wooing and winning alway? Many tomorrows, my love, my love; only one today." Or was it afternoon and did you find him in corduroys, sombrero and high boots, planting some of his twenty-five thousand trees, nursing them tenderly, as he said "bringing them up on the bottle," or maybe he was erecting some of the monuments or stone terraces; and did he point to the older trees, saying, "Why! these trees, these very stones could tell how long I've loved them and how well, and in after years maybe I will come and sit; sit here so silently you may not know of it." Did he pause to point out the view and did he say to you, "Deep below us lies the valley, steep below us is the Town, See! great sea ships ride and rally, and the world walks up and down." \* \* \*

In February, 1913, he seemed to waft away and what remained (no longer pink and white and blue and grey) was just cold, rigid, lifeless clay that could not think or feel or say; so some of me died too that day, but only some—the rest would stay; yet I was not here, not there—half way I walked a wierd, a weary way, and knew not was it night or day, until his ashes seemed to say: "Peace, peace, I am not far away." So now I do not grieve or mourn, but find him in all beauty, truth and in the joy of each returning morn.

JUANITA MILLER.





# About "The Hights"

WITH

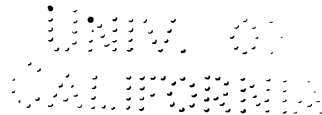
Juanita Miller



SECOND EDITION

1919

Poetical conceptions and illustrations  
by the Author



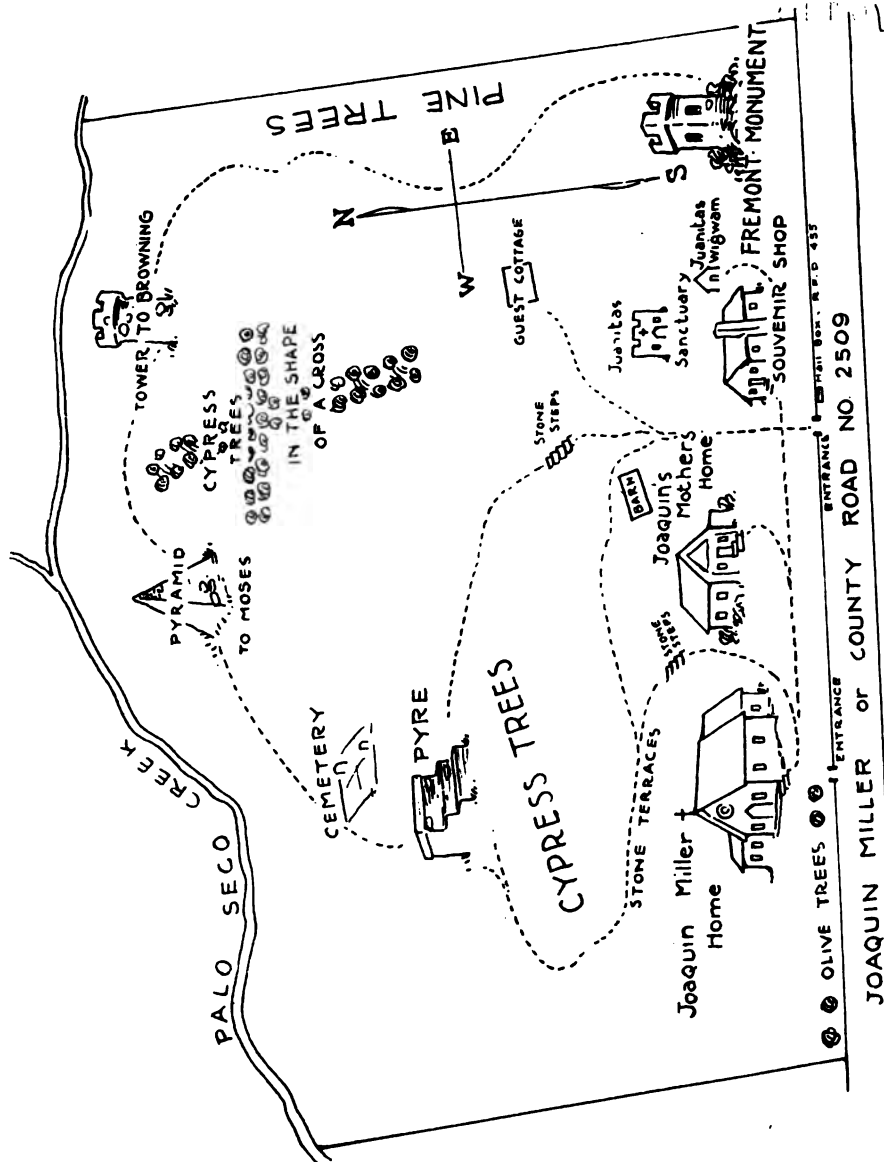
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1919

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## NOTES



JOAQUIN MILLER AND JUANITA MILLER AT THE HIGHTS

To dedicate all suffering with joy;  
To just be worthy Him.

NO. 1000  
NOTES ON THE



Cross of Trees.  
Planted by Joaquin Miller.

May we remember to bear our cross what-  
ever it be

Bide patiently; both gain and loss they  
balance eventually;

They are part of the perfect plan  
And faith is God's greatest gift to man.

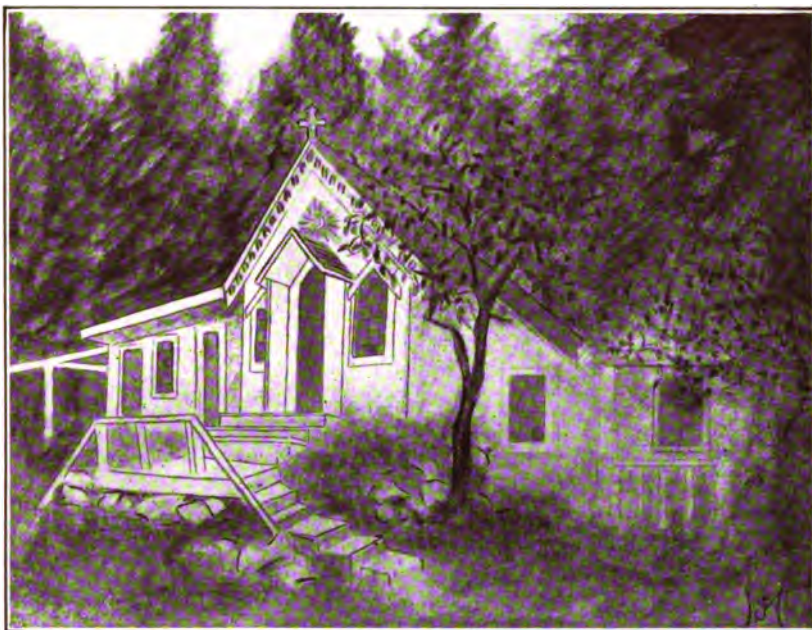
Until we have proven our perfect belief  
That God is good, whatever He give;  
Until we have learned to be grateful for  
grief

We have not learned to live;

For the more we suffer and survive  
The greater we are if still alive.  
As a bird is rocked in its tree-top nest,  
As a babe is safe on its mother's breast,  
In the arms of The Infinite rock and rest,  
Knowing that what God gives is best.

## NOTES





**Joaquin Miller's "Abbey."**

**Crescent, cross and rays of the sun—  
All symbols of the eternal One.**

## NOTES



**Occupied by the Poet's Mother.**

**Where Margaret Miller lived for many  
years,  
In tranquil righteousness devoid of tears.**

## NOTES



A Beauty Bit.

Bending blue of benediction;  
Fantasy of leaf and fern.  
Mid sun-mist incense on earth's altar  
The candles blossom, blaze and burn.

## NOTES



**Souvenir Shop**

**At the Sign of the Four Hearts—  
Sight, Scent, Sound, Taste—Cupid's arts.**

## NOTES





**Juanita's Wigwam.**

**Spirit by flesh no longer bound  
Roams the "Happy Hunting Ground."**

## NOTES



**Sanctuary to Memory, Erected by Juanita Miller.**

**Shrine for the past, for the present, for that  
which is to be,**

**Surely the present and future are children  
of memory.**

## NOTES

No thing has ever happened to me  
But what the future has made me see  
How good of God to chasten me.  
Now when there is a troubled sea  
Into my shell—my Sanctuary  
I slip, where myself and I are free,  
With faith, with truth, with memory;  
In silence and serenity.

## NOTES

1. The first of these is the fact that the system is not in equilibrium. The second is the fact that the system is not in equilibrium. The third is the fact that the system is not in equilibrium. The fourth is the fact that the system is not in equilibrium. The fifth is the fact that the system is not in equilibrium. The sixth is the fact that the system is not in equilibrium. The seventh is the fact that the system is not in equilibrium. The eighth is the fact that the system is not in equilibrium. The ninth is the fact that the system is not in equilibrium. The tenth is the fact that the system is not in equilibrium.



**The Guest Cottage.**

**Where artists followed their favorite muse  
And came and went as fate might choose.**

## NOTES





**Funeral Pyre. Erected by Joaquin Miller.**

That his ashes might ascend up to the sun  
in smoke and fire—  
Mingling with the elements, was his desire.

## NOTES

When we saw his ashes float on flame into  
the air,

Somehow we heard within our consciousness  
in answer to the passion of our  
prayer:

Peace, peace, grieve not, for I am here and  
there,—

Boundless beauty everywhere part of the  
most perfect plan

Wherever truth shall enter man;

Light and love and poetry,

Peace and plenty, ecstasy

Vast, unlimited and free.

I am what I wish to be;

I live for all eternity

In spirit and in memory.

## NOTES

What is the use of it all? I said,  
Then a voice of conscious light  
Flamed from the ashes of my dead  
Like knowledge after night,—  
Love and your loved one is secure,  
Safe from decline or dross,  
For ideality will endure,  
It knows no change, no loss.  
So build your temple to memory,  
Your tower to self control,  
Let the lamp of love in your studio  
Shine to a sacred goal.  
And put not your faith in "flesh pots,"  
In fame or bridge of steel,  
For the only certain substance  
Is spirit—the ideal;  
Do not expect impossible things  
Of temporal matter—mortal clay,  
For the only real thing is the soul  
That sings through this instrument.  
For a year or a day  
And if your faith is faultless,  
If you conquer sorrow and sin,  
If you hold your soul  
To its ultimate goal  
You cannot fail to win.  
For after awhile 'twill be granted  
To become all you wish to be.  
From the seeds of the thoughts you have  
planted  
You will flower eternally.

\* \* \* \* \*  
So I radiate, sing flower, dance  
Adown the dawn, give, gain and grow.  
Shining through clouds of circumstance  
I work, wait, think, pray, try to know  
That circles are circled e'en from heaven  
to hell,  
And perfection is knowledge that all is  
well.

## NOTES



**Pyramid to the First Law Giver, Moses.  
Erected by Joaquin Miller.**

**As we follow His Commandments so shall  
our peace be,  
And in wise obedience find true liberty.**

## NOTES

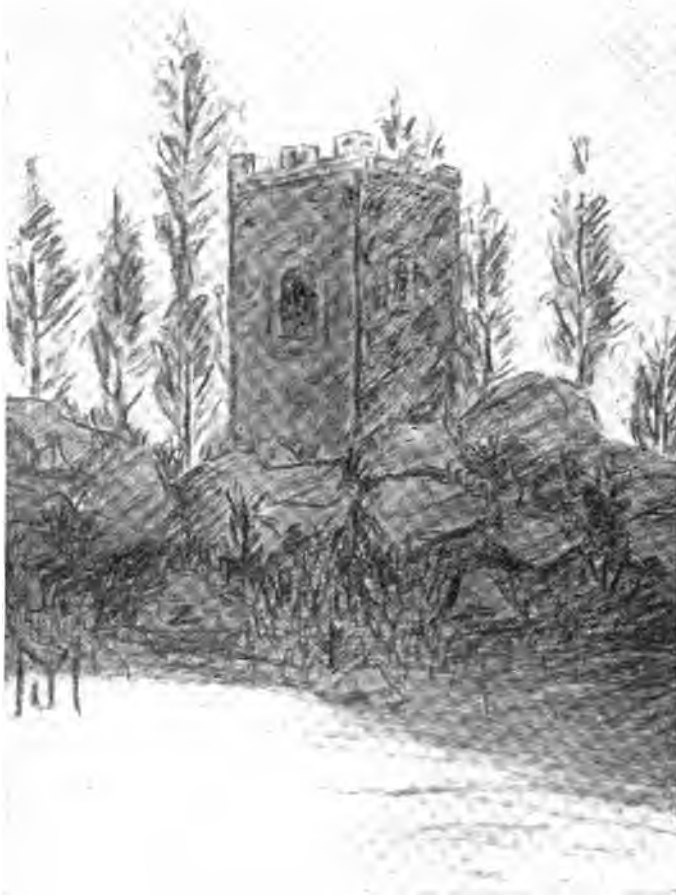




**Tower to Robert Browning.  
Erected by Joaquin Miller.**

**Sensitive "Poet of the Soul"  
Leading us ever to a sacred goal  
Where dwell the spirit people of the brain  
And where "Childe Roland to the dark  
tower came."**

## NOTES



**Erected to John C. Fremont by Joaquin Miller.**

**From where the pathfinder saw the sun  
sinking in golden splendor at the strait  
And so called it "The Golden Gate."**

## NOTES



Sunset from "The Hights."

Warm, red sun kissed the "Gate" good  
night  
Mid purple pomp and cloth of gold  
Great gorgeous colors dropped from sight,  
Deep down into my heart they rolled.

Shy silver stars came out and sang  
Each one in perfect harmony,  
Until the air with music rang  
And all my soul went calling thee.

## NOTES



Night from "The Hights"

Two tall trees stood like sentinels  
Guarding a jeweled altar cloth,  
Red rubies flamed and fascinated  
The fabrics of moth.

The high priest sun had stained the sky  
Spilling the chaliced wine  
And the atmosphere was heavy  
With incense of the pine.

The diamonds gleamed and glistened,  
Crescent and stars kissed the sea,  
Then music, I listened—  
Was he calling me?





